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## Helping Hands

by [Ellabee15](#)

### Summary

Misty wasn't used to being helpless.

Misty wasn't used to being helpless. Her arm was killing her and while she'd been assured that she could return to active duty the second her doctor cleared her, the recovery was going slower than she'd anticipated. She tried curling her fingers, but they were stiff and didn't respond as fast as she'd like. She glared down at her hand, wincing at the scar that was peeking out from under her sleeve.

She jumped as the door opened and pulled her gun out, pointing it with her other hand.

"So that noodle place you like was closed." Claire didn't even blink at the weapon pointed at her face. "Apparently it was a front for some smuggling ring and Daredevil had to shut it down." She rolled her eyes. "I tried to get him to wait long enough for me to place a damn order, but apparently justice doesn't wait for my stomach."

Misty put away her gun. "Sorry." She mumbled. Claire rolled her eyes.

"Not the first time I've had a gun pulled on me." She put the take out bag on the table and started pulling boxes out. "Though you are definitely the prettiest person to do it."

Misty swallowed, shifting on the couch. Claire pushed boxes towards her.

"Eat, it'll make you feel better." She said.

"I want a beer." She knew she was whining, but she didn't care. Her arm was itching.

"Doesn't mix with the pain medication you're on." Claire sighed, breaking apart a pair of chopsticks and twirling them in her fingers. Misty watched, transfixed. She'd noticed Claire's hands, of course. They'd helped save Luke and they'd kept her alive in that basement. She'd been in awe of Claire's hands, but watching them now, she realized she hadn't noticed how graceful they were. Claire was talking about her day, job hunting and helping out her mother at her diner. Her voice was soothing and for a moment, the throbbing in her arm lessened and her frustration went away.

Except not quite.

Misty bit her lip. Misty, she thought to herself. It may have been a while, but you are not going to sit here and get turned on by the first person with nice hands you encounter. Her body had other ideas. Squeezing her legs together, she focused on the food. Hungry. She had to be hungry. Reaching for the dumplings, she nodded at Claire, grabbing a fork. Her hand was clumsy and the dumpling slid off. It fell to pieces in the dipping sauce. Misty glared at it.

"Here." Claire said, taking it out of her hand. Misty gaped as she used a spoon to get the pieces out and held it up. Misty scoffed. This wasn't happening.

"Are you seriously about to feed me?"

"Well." Claire tilted her head. "Seeing as you can't do it yourself." She grinned. Misty coughed.

"Oh, I can't do it myself?" She parroted. Claire laughed.

"Stop being such a baby." She rolled her eyes. "You hero types are all the same."

Hero types? Misty shook her head. "I'm just a cop."

"Well, detective Knight." Claire held up the spoon. "Here comes the plane."

"Unfucking believable." Misty muttered, but opened her mouth anyways. Claire's eyes sparkled when she did. Claire had nice eyes. She frowned. Get a hold of yourself, girl.

"What's wrong?" Claire asked, her brow furrowing. Misty gulped. Her upper lip pouted when she frowned and Misty had to forcibly restrain herself from kissing it. Was she really that desperate? She'd had dry spells before. She worked too hard to establish any lasting relationships and even then most guys weren't into free thinking, independent black women. She hadn't had sex since that one night with Luke and having her arm injured didn't help for her usual sex satisfaction routine. "Misty?"

Claire was still looking at her. "Huh?" She said.

"You okay?" She asked and then her hand was pressed against her forehead. Misty's eyes fluttered closed and she let out a small groan. Then jerked back.

"Um." She mumbled, looking at the ground. "It's my arm." She rolled her shoulder, looking anywhere but Claire. "It hurts."

"That can't be right." Claire's hands were on her arm. Misty tensed, not sure if it was to stop herself from pulling away or jumping on Claire; she needed help. "The pain meds you're on are the best. I made sure of it."

Misty shrugged. "Probably just my head."

"Well there's a lot wrong up there." Claire smirked, pulling away.

The rest of the meal was torture for Misty. She made stilted conversation, giving grunted one word answers. At the end, Claire was looking at her in concern.

"You want me to stay tonight?" She asked.

Yes. Misty thought. "No." She said. "I mean...I'm good, really."

Claire didn't look convinced. "Don't take it personally, but you look like shit."

Misty chuckled. Claire was funny. "I look amazing." She said. Claire hummed in agreement, but the concern never left her expression. "I'm good Claire." She said, smiling. "Go. I'm sure Daredevil is bleeding in an alley somewhere just waiting for you to patch him up."

Claire grimaced. "Don't even joke about that." She muttered. Her phone rang. Sighing, she glared at the screen. "You just had to say it." She muttered.

"Daredevil?" Misty asked.

"No." Claire muttered. "And I'm not sure I'm allowed to tell you about it, seeing as vigilantes are technically illegal."

"I won't cuff yah." Misty said. Not for that anyway. Her eyes widened. God she needed help. "I'm good. Go save lives." She waved her off. Claire shot her one last concerned look before calling someone. Walking out of the apartment, Misty heard her say, "Jones, if you're bleeding on my carpet no amount of super strength will save you from the ass whooping I'll give you."

That night Misty squirmed in her bed. Yanking off her blankets, she huffed. Closing her eyes she thought of Luke. It usually worked, but not tonight. Letting out a frustrated cry, she rolled her hips, pressing her fingers against her clit. It wasn't working and her fingers weren't responding like they should.

"Damn it." She growled. Sitting up, she sighed. Leaning her head against the headboard, she glanced over at her phone. No. She told herself. You're not that crazy or desperate. Claire is your friend. A friend that you owe your life to. A friend who is the bright point of your day ever since you got taken off active duty. A friend who knows your favorite noodle place...even if it was a front for drugs. Claire was....

"Shit." She murmured, looking up at the ceiling. She was in love with Claire.

Claire glared at Jessica's bleeding shoulder. "So, who did you piss off this time?" She asked.

"Some frat boy who didn't get the memo that an unconscious woman can't consent." Jessica took a swig of whiskey. Claire paused her movements.

"I hope you got him good."

"Oh yeah." Jessica hiccuped and smirked. "Him and his two friends. The fourth guy though..." She grimaced. "He had a knife." Her brow furrowed. "Took a little more time." She looked over at Claire. "Why? Did I interrupt something.... Like a date?"

"Since when do you give a damn about my schedule." Claire muttered, not wanting to think about the relaxing evening she could have had in Misty's apartment. Good food, Misty's impeccable taste in music and her warm brown eyes smiling at her. Focusing on the bleeding wound in front of her, she banished the thought from her mind. It needed to be disinfected and fast. "I know I'm going to regret asking, but do you have anything to clean the..." She trailed off as Jessica shoved the bottle into her hands. "I had to ask."

Jessica's eyes were on her as she threaded the needle and began sewing her back up. "You did have a date."

"No." Claire scoffed, hoping to sound nonchalant. Jessica's eyes lit up.

"Yes you did!" She smirked. "Someone I know?"

"Well there wasn't anyone."

Jessica wagged a finger at her. "Can't fool me Claire." She tilted her head. "My job is to find out when people have secrets."

Claire didn't respond. The only sound in the apartment was their breathing and the occasional shuddering breath from Jessica when the needle pierced her skin. The two other knife wounds weren't as deep and only needed to be cleaned.

"There." Claire said, pulling off her gloves and straightening up. "All patched up."

"Who is he?" Jessica demanded.

"There is no he." Claire replied. For a second, she thought Jessica would pick up on the double

meaning of her words, but the PI was either too drunk or too tired to investigate further.

"Thanks for the rescue, Claire." She yawned, standing and shuffling off to her waiting bed, collapsing asleep before her head hit the pillow.

Claire looked at the ceiling. "Heroes." She muttered, relieved that she'd gotten away with her secret intact.

At least she thought she had. Walking out of the apartment, she pulled her jacket around her. It was cool that night and the streets empty. She kicked at an empty can. She hadn't wanted Jessica to figure out what she'd just recently discovered...and what she wasn't ready to accept. It wasn't that she had an issue with Misty being a woman...it was that she didn't know how Misty would feel. Plus, their relationship had the weirdest beginning. Misty had gotten reprimanded for using excessive force in an interview, then they'd both been interested in the same man...not exactly the beginning for a fairy tale.

She was lost in her thoughts and suddenly she found herself outside Misty's door. She hesitated. On the one hand, it wasn't like she didn't have an excuse; Misty's injury had taken its toll and she'd been acting really weird. Plus she'd given Claire a spare key in case of emergencies.

She'd just go in and check to make sure she was okay, she told herself as she opened the door. The apartment was dark. Misty was probably asleep. Turning to leave, Claire heard a small groan from Misty's room. Shutting the door, she walked toward the room. The sight that met her caused her throat to go dry.

Misty definitely wasn't in trouble. She was lying on her bed, her head thrown back as one hand groped her breast, the other in her pajama shorts. Her eyes were squeezed shut, her lip raw from biting it. She let out another moan, the heels of her feet digging into the bed as she lifted her hips in an attempt to get more friction. Claire pressed her legs together, ready to back out of the room and leave.

"Claire." Misty breathed. Claire felt her jaw drop.

"Um." She squeaked. Misty's eyes opened. Her motions froze. The two of them stared at each other. "Sorry." Claire whispered, turning to leave.

"Are you seriously not going to help me?" Misty whispered. Claire's head whipped painfully around. Misty was sitting up, looking at her nervously. Claire tripped over her feet falling onto the bed. Misty smirked at her clumsiness.

"Thinking about me?" Claire asked, brushing her fingers across Misty's cheek before burying her hand in her hair. She had such amazing hair, curly, soft, and full. Misty nodded, her legs falling open as she pulled her pajama shorts down. Whipping off her shirt, she gave Claire a look that was equal parts challenge and desperation. Claire shifted so she was sitting behind Misty, settling her between her legs. Running her fingers over Misty's skin, she watched as the other woman groaned, putting her head back and dropping it on Claire's shoulder. Misty's abdomen was warm, her thighs slick. Claire hissed as Misty took charge, covering Claire's hand with her own, setting the pace and guiding her as to the pressure and motions she needed.

Misty whined and lifted her hips, gripping Claire's thigh with her free hand to steady herself. Her body quaked before she went limp against Claire. Catching her breath, she glanced back, her eyes warm and glazed.

"I guess...." Claire swallowed, shifting to try and lessen the burning between her legs. "We should talk?"

"We could." Misty agreed. "But I feel as though I owe you one."

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